

THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 17, 1875.

FIELD AND FARM.

Will Keeping Sheep Pay?

A writer in the *National Live Stock Journal* gives his idea on this subject: Sheep pay better than any other stock, no matter what the kind of stock is. I have been breeding some 500 head of cattle, and I am satisfied that, even with the most favorable condition for selling, when the time comes, I shall make a great deal more money, dollar for dollar, on the money invested in sheep, and I shall make on the capital invested in cattle. I have about 600 sheep running without any particular attention or care, and have sold \$1,400 worth of wool of this year's clip, and have 350 lambs besides. I do not think it possible to have done so well on an equal capital invested in cattle. One great advantage sheep have over other stock is that they never die of contagious diseases which they contract. They get the scab or foot-rot or something else, and if unchecked it gets them in bad condition, and would ultimately, perhaps, kill them. But the very worst contagious diseases to which sheep are subject, affect the owner ample time to treat the affected animal, and the diseases are generally of a character which yield readily to treatment. But a man may have a lot of hogs, and feed them hundreds of bushels of corn daily, and about the time the bottom of his cribs are neared, and he is thinking of selling, some disease breaks out among them—no one knows what it is or what to do for it—one animal after another following in rapid succession is affected, and the greater portion die. I have known farmers to be well-nigh ruined by the appearance of a contagious disease of this character. Sheep are happily exempt from such rapid and fearful mortality. Besides, when a sheep dies, and they will die sometimes, his pelt is sufficient to pay for his keep from the last shearing to his death. It makes no difference when he dies, or what kills him, the sheep never dies in vain.

Killing Weevils in Peas and Beans.

Every farmer who has cultivated peas, and attempted to keep them through winter for seed, knows what are called "pea bugs," which, by the way, is not a bug, but a small gray beetle, known to entomologists as *Bruchus pisi*, Linn., or in some late lists as *Mydalis pisi*. When gathering the peas in fall, the presence of an insect in the pea is not noticed, although it is there, nevertheless, but in the larvae, or grub state, which undergoes its transformation during the winter, and comes forth a beetle at the approach of warm weather in spring. There are very few localities where peas are not attacked by this pest; and although it does little harm to the crop if gathered green for market, when kept for seed its depredations become quite apparent.

Another species (*Bruchus obtusatus*, SAY) attacks beans in the same manner, but instead of one beetle in each seed, as is generally the case with the pea, there are several; sometimes twenty, or more, will be found in one bean. This insect attacks all the varieties, but is not quite as abundant in the Northern as in the Middle and Southern States. But they are becoming more numerous every year, and unless soon checked it will be difficult to obtain sound beans for seed.

Now, it must be evident that, if these insects are ever to become less in numbers, efficient and persistent efforts must be resorted to by all who cultivate peas and beans. Perhaps the most certain method of destroying is to thoroughly dry the seed soon after gathering, and then put away in air-tight vessels, putting in a quantity of gum camphor, say a half pound to a barrel—some old cloths soaked in spirits of turpentine, placed in the bottom of the barrel, will usually answer the same purpose. *Rural New Yorker*.

Large and Small Farms.

Two opinions prevail among farmers as to whether large or small farms are profitable, with a view to progress and profit. We are satisfied that neither system can claim superior advantages under all circumstances, and that each is best under certain conditions. We think the whole problem depends on the plan and work bestowed, and not in the size of the farm. If one attempts to carry on a large farm with small means and limited executive ability, or with weak and insufficient physical force and implements, and still weaker brains, his farming will prove to be both unwise and unprofitable. It is doubtless a realizing sense and application of this principle that limits practical and successful farming to small farms in this country, where the other hand it must be an unwillingness or a failure to recognize the full force of this great fact that makes nearly all the larger farming operations comparatively unsuccessful and unprofitable.

We believe and must count on that, results in both cases depend upon systematic operations driven forward by intelligent brain-work and energetic physical force, with all the improved implements and machinery to be had, all based on the idea that a farm enriched, and a crop diversified, with something to sell, and to do, and done, each day in the year, will pay any one who looks after and keeps everything up and moving, watching and working all the points, whether his is a large or small farm. *Rural Sun*.

Cleanse the Manger.

The managers of horses, cows and oxen, when supplied with cut fodder and meal, frequently become offensively sour in consequence of the decomposition of the wet meal that adheres to the corners of the feed boxes. This is apt to be the case especially when animals do not lick the corners entirely clean. If a small portion of feed is allowed to remain in the manger only a portion of a warm day it will become sour, and the offensive effluvia will taint the entire manger, so that an animal will often refuse to eat his accustomed allowance, unless compelled by keen hunger. The true way to manage managers is to scrape the corners clean at least twice per day, removing every particle of rejected food. Then if the manger does not smell as a butter bowl, let the corners be washed out with hot water, wiped clean, and a handful of caustic, slacked lime be sprinkled in the manger. If managers are kept clean they will seldom become offensively sour. If an animal leaves a portion of his feed, a new mess should never be given on the rejected feed. *New York Herald*.

Persons wishing to buy anything will do well to look over our advertising columns, for merchants who advertise show they are anxious to get your custom, and consequently are willing to give the best bargains.

To Sow Light Grass Seed.

A correspondent of the *Practical Farmer* has not found a machine capable of properly distributing the lighter and more chaffy grass seeds, such as blue grass. He therefore, still clings to hand sowing, and does it as follows: The coarse seed, I now pursue is thoroughly to mix one part of the seed with one part of coarse, sharp sand, or fine gravel, (the sharper the better,) and moisten the mass, carefully manipulating it until the seeds and chaff are well separated and caused to adhere to the rough particles of sand. The weighty sand thus becomes an effective vehicle with which to distribute the buoyant seed, which by moisture is made to adhere to the sand.

The *Science of Health* impresses on its readers to be careful of the state of the habit of breathing through the mouth, sleeping or waking. The nostrils are the proper breathing apparatus—not the mouth. A man may inhale poisonous gases through the mouth without being aware of it, but not through the nose.

Here is another way to prevent water from getting through shoes. The composition also makes a good harness dressing. Take neatfoot oil, one and a half pints; bees-wax, one ounce; spirits of turpentine, four ounces; and stic until cold. Spread and rub this composition over the leather while it is damp; leather will absorb oil and grease better when damp than when dry. For the soles, take pine tar and rub it in before the fire until the soles will absorb no more. Three or four applications will be needed. The durability of the soles will be much increased.

The Road Subject.

The papers, and especially the *Knoxville Chronicle*, are agitating the question of a new road law—something that will improve the condition of the roads. The present plan is being altogether inefficient as there is scarcely a road in this section that is passable at present. It would certainly be a good move on the part of the Legislature to do something to better this condition. *Knoxville East Tennesseean*.

Interesting Knox County Items.

To the Editors of the Chronicle.

POWELL'S STATION, Feb. 10th.

Winter. Dead hunt. Farmers housed up. Powell's Station had a cotton picking last night. Fayette Wood killed seventeen partridges at two shots during this snow. The crows are crowding into our valleys for food. I think I have seen more than three thousand of them in one flock. They come from the snow-capped mountains. James Irvin has a fine lot of chickens which he keeps in the cellar. One night lately he heard a disturbance out doors and stepping out saw a man leaving the yard. He discovered the cellar door open and on examination found the full complement of his chickens' heads, but fifteen of the chickens proper were gone. The Clinton Base Ball Club played a match game with the Peabody Club, at this place, on last Saturday. I haven't a correct report, but understand the Clinton boys took the prize. I have noticed several flocks of sheep with young lambs, but I fear this cold nap will prove too cold a reception for them. The wheat crops in general looks unusually bad in this community. But where it was put in early or matured it looks well. I notice on the farms of Dick Tillery, Mr. Welland and others in Grassy Valley, boards put up bearing this inscription: "No hunting on this farm." The hunters have seemed to have long since ceased there, and innocent doves, larks, etc., were flitting about looking more at home than usual. The *Chronicle's* suggestion to put convicts to work on the public roads is a most happy logical idea. In every county there are sections of extremely bad roads; worse than all other roads in the county. In this county the worst roads are found nearest to Knoxville, where the increased travel on dirt roads up dreadfully. The worst roads are generally found where there is the most travel. For instance, near cities, towns, county sites, boat landings, etc., and I can not see why any legislator should oppose putting the convict labor on these sections of road, which, from their location, should be, by some means, piked or so improved that each returning winter would not find them to be impassable mud-holes. In addition to this provision, all males not exempted by law should be taxed five days each year, and all taxable property one dollar on the thousand for a road tax. Three commissioners should be appointed in each district, with power to assess the road tax, and re-assess where the first assessment is insufficient to put the roads in a satisfactory condition, and with power to hire a boss for the different sections, or to let them out by contract, etc. O! for this improved law, let mud-holes and the ghosts of wrecked wagon wheels their silence break. Roy.

A Cautious Young Man.

The other day Justice Pott was called upon to marry a couple on Fort street east, and he was asking the bridegroom: "You promise to love, cherish," etc., when the young man blurted out: "See here! I want a fair understanding about this thing. Does that mean that I've got to take care of her continually, or only herself?" His Honor explained, and the young man continued: "Well, go ahead. I only wanted to know how much of the family I was marrying." *Detroit Free Press*.

FROM BLOUNT COUNTY.

Here About the New Help to Maryville College.

To the Editors of the Chronicle.

In your issue of the 6th inst. there was an announcement of a successful trip to New York in the interest of this college. Let me add a word.

Two years ago last summer, that princely Christian merchant, Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, of New York, made a liberal conditional subscription towards securing a philosophical and chemical apparatus for the benefit of Maryville College. Other amounts had been contributed from various sources, so that it seemed possible, even in these pinching times, to raise, among my acquaintances, the amount to \$2,000. On such a mission I started, but not without some misgivings as to my success. In a few days the whole sum desired was secured. Some superior instruments were purchased, and contracts made for complete sets for the different departments of science.

To the honor of that old memorial firm in Cliff street, New York, Phelps, Dodge & Co., it should be stated that more than one-third of all I secured was contributed by that house.

Upon consulting with one of the most distinguished ministers in New York as to my best course, he said: "Go to the Dodges." "That is just what I should do, were I to raise the money." "They will help you." It will cheer any man to meet with such greetings as were extended to myself in the mansion on Murray Hill, occupied by those noble Christian people, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Dodge, Jr. Then, in that same firm, are others who are not named Dodge who have the same noble generosity—James and Stokes.

All the men in this honorable firm demonstrate the genuineness of their religious professions, by the notable fact that they go into their pockets and disburse to the needy. It seems easy for them to respond to the calls of benevolence. In a few minutes checks for hundreds and fifties were put into my hands.

The whole amount has been invested for the benefit of this institution, and will be held, not by the corporation, but by a few friends of the College for future use.

From what has been told me, I judge that the apparatus now purchased will be more complete than was ever before brought into East Tennessee. Many of the articles will be finer than is found in many of our old rich colleges.

A fine telescope, having an object glass of 4 inches in diameter, has been purchased of H. G. Fritz, the builder of that huge instrument owned by the celebrated Mr. Rutherford, of New York.

Some of the instruments will be formed after new models, and will be much better than those in the old styles. A spectroscopic has been ordered, of greater power than one of Browning's, which costs several hundred dollars. When the apparatus arrives it will be exhibited to the public in connection with lectures upon various scientific subjects.

It is our purpose to give all our students an opportunity occasionally to witness illustrations of many beautiful scientific facts.

No words can express our gratitude to the liberal donors who have responded so generously to our wants.

We hope to merit the confidence of all our friends in all sections of the country, and make this college a still greater power for good to all who come to these halls to receive instruction.

P. M. BARTLETT, President.

Maryville College, Feb. 8, 1875.

Married on Horseback.

To the Editors of the Chronicle.

GRAVESTON, Feb. 8, 1875.

The epidemic mentioned in my last week's communication is still raging. But few families have escaped it, and although it rarely proves fatal, yet it renders one extremely uncomfortable. I was attacked by it and for a few days I suffered all the horrors usually attendant upon a severe attack of typhoid fever. Every bone of the system vies with all the others in aching, and the sufferer feels like he wouldn't care if he were sold at forty cents per bushel.

It is of all nature is manifested in a beautiful show of white—the first genuine snow of the season.

Last Friday morning was the coldest we have had.

Farmers are still tied up—the wicked ones "cuss" at the bad weather and the praying ones pray for better. Our hot water vender still wags his tail.

The matrimonial fever has played sad havoc in our midst the present winter. Even that wonderfully stoical widower, Jerome Lester, after a desperate struggle, fell a victim to the fever and plunged a second time into the burning stream of matrimonial life. Every few days a "Gordian knot" is called upon to tie one of these "Gordian knots." A couple quietly present themselves at the front gate last Thursday and were married sitting upon their horses. The ceremony, though shivering with cold.

MEMPHIS AGO.

Railway Train Blown Over Three Times in Colorado.

A letter from Mr. E. S. Nettleton, of Colorado Springs, dated January 24, which we find in the *Moine (O.) Gazette*, says:

"I undertook to go down to Pueblo, about five miles out, the whole train was captured, except the engine, including the coaches, the baggage and mail cars, and the tender. No one was hurt. The conductor got the passengers in the rear coach, and as many as possible on the side next the wind. When we got down the valley, where the wind had a fair, broadside sweep at us, we again tipped over. The conductor was standing beside me, while as a sheet, and wanted to know what was best to do. I advised him to stop before crossing a bridge which was just ahead, the longest one on the road. If we didn't blow over we would probably jump the track, for the wheels were grinding on the side of the rail, as if we were turning a sharp curve."

A FRIGHTFUL FIRE.

Burning of the Quebec Lunatic Asylum.

[Quebec Mercury, Jan. 20.]

About seven o'clock last evening a messenger of the Lunatic Asylum, on horseback, arrived at Dr. Roy's, Collin street, requesting the doctor to come out immediately, as there was fire in Ward No. 9. In the north end of the east wing. Ward No. 9 contained, among other patients, one Caroline Breton, of middle age, desperate and dangerous. It is believed that at about tea time, five o'clock, she took it into her head to set her wearing apparel on fire, and playing with the lighted combustibles, must have kicked it about the room, sending it around in all directions. In this ward there could not have been less than twenty bed-rooms, which were at the time locked, but the doors, made of iron rods, had openings large enough to enable her to fling the burning materials upon the beds within. By this means, no doubt, the fire was started, and increased until it had gained such headway as to make it a matter of impossibility to check it. This seems to have occurred when the inmates were at prayer. When the caretaker arrived, three bed-rooms were enveloped in flames. The light from the burning rooms shone out most brilliantly, and all was excitement and confusion. The patients rushed about the rooms in awful agony. The guardians gathered to the scene, but the time occupied to set the house hose in play gave the fire full time to make great headway. The wind rose, and in less than an hour the end of the wing was in a complete blaze. The Superintendent, Mr. Vincelle, had, at this stage, given orders to extinguish the patients to the adjoining building, and this was done with great care and attention. By the exertion of the managers, their assistants, and the neighbors, 435 females were removed from the principal building to the Male Asylum, another large structure lying eastward. The slight was pitiful. Some rushed into corners, and obstinately refused to be removed. Others fled down corridors into the darkest cellars, and were found shivering with fear. Others, again, ran up into the cupola and on the roof, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they could be brought out. Both Dr. Roy and Vincelle were nearly exhausted by the smoke in their devoted attempts to bring out all the women. The fire finally extended to the central block, and that, with the whole of the east wing, had been totally destroyed. Of the nine patients missing three bodies have been recovered, and one female, who had escaped to L'Ange Gardien, was brought back this afternoon.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

There is no prospect whatever that any of the sewing machine companies will, during this session, succeed in obtaining an extension of their patents, notwithstanding the efforts that continue to be made for that purpose.

The election of a new Senator to succeed Senator Carpenter will necessitate the election of a new President pro tem. of the Senate for the Forty-fourth Congress. Vice President Wilson being from the East, it is claimed the presidency pro tem. properly belongs to the West. Therefore the name of Senator Ferry, of Michigan, has been mentioned in this connection.

The Civil Rights Bill of the House will be taken up by the Senate Judiciary Committee for consideration at once. It is urged by some of the friends of the bill that it be reported back without amendment, but some of the extremists advocate taking on the ordinary and school clauses rejected by the House. It is demonstrated that the bill can not pass the House with these sections in it. It is very doubtful whether it can pass the Senate at all in the time left of the session. One Democratic Senator says he has no less than sixty amendments to offer, on every one of which he will call the yeas and nays. *Wash. Special of 6th*.

Prosecution of Claims.

Mr. Lawrence, of Ohio, introduced a bill in the House, Saturday to prevent abuses in the prosecution of claims against the Government. It provides that no claim against the United States, exceeding one hundred dollars, which shall not have been presented to the proper officer, or which having been so presented has not been paid within two years after the same accrued, shall not be admitted or paid in favor of the claimant, his agent or attorney. Every few days a "Gordian knot" is called upon to tie one of these "Gordian knots." A couple quietly present themselves at the front gate last Thursday and were married sitting upon their horses. The ceremony, though shivering with cold.

Mr. Dawes on the Finances.

Mr. Dawes made a very effective speech against the Honorable Canal bill. He said he did not oppose the measure upon its merits, but as a member of the Ways and Means Committee, he wished to know where the money was coming from. His speech was the first official statement that has been made on the floor, of the condition of the Treasury. He said that since the estimates of the Treasury had been received, which showed that there would be a deficit of \$20,000,000, there has in the last forty days been a diminution of receipts below these estimates, of \$3,800,000, and that if the revenues continue to decrease in the same ratio, \$50,000,000 will be necessary to make good the deficit before July 1st. *Washington Special of 6th*.

THAT SCOTT COUNTY JAIL.

"Cruel and Outrageous Imprisonment."

A correspondent says: "It is related that a lawyer named Overton was recently in Huntsville, Scott county, Tennessee, examining land titles. Being in an 'apple-brandy mood' one day, he heard a party of excited individuals discussing the cruel and outrageous imprisonment of one of their number in the Huntsville jail. The lawyer inquired the particulars, when the speaker across the street, saying: 'That he is, over that on that fence.' Mr. Overton looked across the street and saw a seedy-looking individual sitting on the fence whittling a pine shingle. The lawyer stepped over to where he was sitting and asked him if he was in trouble. 'Ya'as; put me in here; charge of 'leif still in.' 'And they keep you pretty close?' 'Ya'as; time 'bout half out; got transferred from the Knoxville jail.' 'Who is your jailor?' 'Jailor? Jailor! Carry the keys myself.' Here the rest of the party approached, and after declaring that it was an outrage, and expressing their sympathy for the prisoner, adjourned across the street to take a drink, the prisoner accompanying them.

"Shortly after this, a gentleman who had heard of this lone prisoner, visited the jail, but found the door wide open and only one man inside, he being busily engaged hammering away at some rough carpenter work. The gentleman asked him if he was the unfortunate man who was suffering the horrors of solitary imprisonment, and received in answer in the affirmative, 'Ya'as, he replied, 'got me in here.' 'What a shame!' said the gentleman indignantly, 'come over and have a drink.' And over they went, the convict locking the door securely behind him. A day or two after this he was met in the woods with a gun and a game bag. 'Ya'as,' said he again in answer to the same question, 'they've got me in here, charge of 'leif still in.' and still a few days after he was seen three miles from Huntsville, on his way home to spend a few days with his family. 'Still got me in here,' he said; 'but my time's over half up now,' and the suffering man went on his way sorrowfully."

The Story of John Whittier.

Some forty years ago, there lived in the quiet town of East Haverhill, Massachusetts, a much respected Quaker family by the name of Whittier. They were hard-working, thrifty farmers, and their home was known to all the poor in that section; no one was ever turned away from their door unaided, clothed, or unfed.

Even the Indians had respected Grandfather Whittier in the stormy times of the Indian war. Among Mr. Whittier's children was a boy named John, who had a very feeling heart and a quick mind. He was a hard-working farmer lad, who knew more of the axe, the sickle and hoe than the playthings of childhood. Indeed, New England children had but a glimpse at the sunniness of youth in those hard times; no long daisied walks, strolling far into life, they could call their own.

His early education consisted of a few weeks' schooling for a number of winters in the district school. A queer sort of a school it was—kept in a private house. John loved the master, and spoke a kind word for him when he became a man. In the library there is a beautiful poem called "Snow-Flakes,"—a very good poem for good people to read. Now the boy lived in just such a home as is described in that poem, and his boyhood was passed among just such scenes as are pictured there. You may like to read it some day, so we need not try to tell what has been told so well.

He was a poet in boyhood. He did not know it. There are many poets who do not know it.

He used to express his feelings in rhyme; how could the boy help? He once wrote one of these poems on some coarse paper, and sent it privately to a paper called the *Free Press*, published in the neighboring town of Newburyport.

The editor of the paper, whose name was Garrison—William Lloyd Garrison, you may have heard the name before—found the poem tucked under the door of his office by the postman, and noticing that it was written in blue ink, was tempted to throw it into his waste-basket. But Mr. Garrison had a good, kind heart, and liked to give every one a chance in the world. He read the poem, saw there was true genius in it, and so he published it.

Happy was the Quaker farmer boy when he saw his verses in print. He felt that God had something in store in life for him—that he was called in some way to be good and useful to others. He wrote other poems, and sent them to Mr. Garrison.

They were full of beautiful poems. Mr. Garrison one day asked the postman from what quarter they came.

"I am accustomed to deliver a package of papers to a farmer-boy in East Haverhill. I guess they come from him."

Mr. Garrison thought he must rise over to East Haverhill and see.

So he went one day, and found a slender, sweet-faced farmer-boy working with his plain, practical father on the farm. The boy modestly acknowledged that he had written the poems; at which his father did not seem over well pleased.

"You must send that boy to school, Friend Whittier," said Mr. Garrison.

Friend Whittier was not so sure; but the good counsel of the Newburyport editor, in the end, was decisive. The boy was sent to the academy.

John is an old man now, almost sixty years of age. He lives at Amesbury, near the beautiful Merrimack, that he loved in youth. Almost every boy and girl in the land can repeat some of the poems he has written.

He has no wife and children, yet his home is cheerful and social, and is open to the stranger, like his father's and grandfather's of old.

Slaughter of "Subsidies."

The Senate committee on railroads held a meeting this morning and agreed to adverse reports on the following: Bill to aid the Washington, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad Company; to construct a narrow-gauge railway from tide-water to the cities of St. Louis and Chicago; a bill chartering the 41st parallel railroad company from Lake Erie to the Missouri river, and a bill to incorporate the Dakota and Montana Railroad Company. All these are subsidy bills.

Col. Scott's Seventy Million Scheme to be Put Through.

(From the New York Times.)

A report prevails, that the sub-committee of the House Committee on the Pacific Railroads have agreed upon a report in reference to the Texas Pacific Railroad, which will be presented to the full committee at the meeting to be held on Friday.

The main feature of the report is a recommendation to amend the bill to authorize the guarantee of bonds by the Government, to the amount per mile of the actual cost of construction, instead of \$40,000 per mile; the cost to be ascertained and determined by an engineer, to be appointed by the Government. The sub-committee was in accordance with parliamentary usage, made up of friends of the bill, and the fact that they have agreed upon the bill, is not important. The question is to know what the full committee will do about it.

The lobby is assuming enormous proportions, and Scott is assailing Congress with impetuous force, and declares that he never yet failed in anything he undertook, and will not fail now. Leading Republicans in both Houses assert that to pass his bill would destroy all hope of Republican success, as the party would be held responsible.

Irwin never had half the force or system in his operations that Scott employs, and \$11,000 will not now be wasted on a doorkeeper. The men who have spent the summer in visiting Congressmen are here, and there is no doubt that the lists are checked off "for," "against," "old," "doubtful," as in the case of Pacific Mail.

The Debate on the Civil Rights Bill.

The New York *Evening Post*, a Conservative paper, in a review of the Civil Rights Bill discussion presents a reverse side of the picture which may be familiar to some of our readers. It says:

The only credit of the debate goes to Mr. Lynch, a colored member from Mississippi, who, it appears from the brief report sent by telegraph, made a very sensible speech. He said that "the colored people did not want social rights"—an assertion which we believe to be true, and which implies the good sense of the colored people. "What they want," he continued, "is protection in their public rights;" and he added that if he traveled by railroad through Kentucky and Tennessee he was excluded from the common passenger cars, and "compelled to occupy a smoking car, night and day, with drunkards and gamblers." This system of exclusion is not only wrong, but so absurd that it is difficult to believe that Southern white persons will persist in it. Long before the war, Southern planters and their families, traveling at the North, used to insist on the companionship, on car and steamer, of their servants, greatly to the annoyance of some Northern passengers, among whom color-prejudice then prevailed. Those planters must see the inconsistency of refusing now to ride with colored persons. We doubt that the objection comes from that class. More probably it comes from what has been described as "white trash." And we should not wonder if a "low-down" "carpet-bagger," unless he were soliciting negro votes, would be among the first to request Mr. Lynch to withdraw from the smoking car.

The Investigation Drawing to a Close.

No Doubt of Kellogg's Election.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 7.—The Congressional Committee will probably complete their investigation on Tuesday. It is pretty certain that they are satisfied as to the truth of the charges of intimidation and violence, and that Gov. Kellogg was elected in 1862. This last has been conclusively established by Democratic witnesses. It is believed that even Marshall is convinced that Kellogg was elected. It may be relied on that Hoar, Frye and Wheeler will so report. Messrs. Foster and Phelps, it is claimed, said before they left the city, that they believed Kellogg was elected. The different elements of the Legislature and those claiming seats, as a majority, at least have agreed to submit their respective differences to the committee for adjudication. McKenry and his friends oppose any settlement, fearing it will result in a recognition of Kellogg. It is impossible to say what the result of the adjudication will be. The double-leader of the *Bulletin* of yesterday, calling upon the people of his and other States to arm and organize, in preparation for another civil war, causes much comment and dissatisfaction among business men. *Special Dispatch to National Republican*.

Republican Senatorial Caucus.

After the adjournment of the Senate to day the Republican Senators held a caucus to consider the President's message on the subject of Arkansas affairs. There was no harmonious action, some of the Senators being reluctant to commit themselves before they have had time to examine the documents which have not yet been published.

The Arkansas Senators were anxious for as prompt action as the state of the public business would permit, and desired the matter be sent to the Committee on Privileges and Elections for an early report. The matter will take that direction.

The opinion obtains among the Republican members of the House, that apart from whatever the Senate may do, the House will support the report of the select committee, and take no action in the premises, in accordance with its recommendation. *Washington Associated Press Report of the 6th*.

This idea of repudiation is not the idle figment of a restless brain, but is something which has taken firm hold on the minds of many, and is come to be regarded as one of the necessities of the hour. Resolutions have been offered, age, bills have been carefully prepared, presented, and printed which mean simply repudiation. Honorable Senators have told us that they were not only in favor of the passage of such bills, but were elected on platforms which advanced such action. Leading gentlemen, however, from the other side of the question, tell me that the people of the State do not demand it, that in no instance where a repudiationist had opposition was there one elected, and that only those gentlemen who fought merely a nominal opposition were chosen on a repudiation platform. *Nashville Correspondence of the Louisville Courier-Journal*.